

THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH.
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

BRAMWELL BOOTH
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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner

Be Sure Your Sin Will Find You Out!

By Commissioner C. H. Jeffries
[Principal of the International Training Garrison]

IN THE condemned cell of a great prison sat a criminal, waiting to pay the dread penalty of the law for the crime of murder. The prison chaplain had visited him, and endeavored to lead him to repentance and to prepare to meet God.

"What brought you to this," asked the chaplain—
"Drink?" "No."
"Gambling?" "No."
"Thieving?" "No."
"Bad companionship?" "No."
"What, then?"

The murderer paused, then whispered sadly in the chaplain's ear—"ONE SIN."

And that one sin, committed in early youth, was the seed of all other sins, and led eventually to the terrible crime that placed him in the felon's cell, and caused him to forfeit his life to justice.

His sin had found him out!

In every sin there is the seed of another sin. It is self-propagating. It roots itself in the soul of the sinner until it has used up every bit of good soil in the soul. It corrupts his nature—perverts his tastes—weakens his will—and sears his conscience. And with each evil deed inclinations towards evil become stronger, and stronger, until he cannot cease from sin, and the sinner is "consumed by his own lusts."

Sin is a very promising employer—and a terrible taskmaster. It gives dirty work to do, and pays its own wages. A lad who recently obtained a situation unexpectedly returned home and informed his mother that he had left his place. "Why?" said the mother. "Was the master unkind?" "No—not that." "That you do not like the work?" "Yes—it was not only that. I didn't like the wages. The master wanted me to sin, and the wages of sin is death."

The wages of sin is death—death to moral goodness—death to spiritual enlightenment—death to hopes of Heaven!

Sin is deceitful. It promises pleasure—it gives pain; it offers life—and gives death. It opens out as bright as the sunniest morning—it closes as dark as the blackest night.

It is a beast of prey. Under a velvet paw it conceals a claw with which it wounds and lacerates those who would stroke it.



Sin is its own avenger! See how it takes its revenge on the drunkard. It entices the young man or woman to take just one glass. They lift the cup—the wine is red—it moveth itself

aright in the glass—they drink it up and it induces feelings of pleasure and exhilaration. It is good. They drink again and again till they become its slave. It is their master—yea, worse

than their master. At first they called it the "good creature of God," at the last "it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

It is the same with the sin of unchastity. With fair speech and flattering tongue the strange woman enticeth the unsuspecting youth to sin. He yields to her solicitations, and gratifies his passions—and later finds sin has contaminated mind, soul and body. Often, moreover, he transmits to his children the consequences of his own indiscretions. His sin has found him out!

But this is not only the case with the vulgar and vicious sins—the sins of the flesh. Every sin is the same. It sets on fire the whole course of a sinner's nature.

Sin is its own detective. It first leads its soul into sin—then sets out to track the sinner down—and finally meters out to him his own punishment. "His own iniquity shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins."

Retribution follows sin, as surely as night follows day. It may seem as if the sin was forgotten—covered up—but it is not so. "Though hand join hand, sin shall not go unpunished." IT WILL FIND YOU OUT.

"Some men's sins are open beforehand—and going before to judgment; with some men they follow after." That is, some men sin openly—publicly—and sin unashamed. They are known and condemned as sinners. Others sin in secret—in the night—under cover of respectability; yea, even of religious profession. They wipe their mouth, and say there is nothing—it will never be known—while all the time their sins are following after them, and will find them out, exposing them to shame and disgrace in this life, and will certainly testify against them at the Judgment Day.

It is a law of nature that any moving body, once it is started in any direction, must continue to move in that direction for ever, unless some force, such as friction with the air, contact with the ground, hinders or stops it. So morally and spiritually—sin with its consequences tends to go on for ever, for time and eternity, unless some other influence arrests and stops it. And it must be stopped, (Cont'd on Page 2)

The Searchlight

"And now," I said, "this room is clean, A speck of dirt cannot be seen, The windows shine, the walls are white, The silver makes the dull day bright!"

Then straightaway came a ray of sun, And shined my corners over the door, Searched out the web above the door, And the sullen streak upon the floor!

"O Lord," I said, "my heart is pure, It holds no evil thing, I'm sure; I do not cheat, I will not lie, I pass all gross temptations by."

He heard and turned on me His face, All-glorious in its matchless grace, And said, "My child, what see you now?" I said, "A foul heart! Cleanse it Thou!"

OVER THE NIAGARA FALLS

A RESIDENT of Springfield, Mass., is happy, so is sure to be over the Niagara Falls in a rubber ball. We do not know that he has much reason to be happy, judging by the experience of others, who have gone over the falls in barrels and lived to tell the tale. In 1927 a Mrs. Taylor went over the cataract in a wooden barrel. But it didn't mean much to her, for she died in the Margaret County Almshouse. Seventeen years ago Bobby Teach went over in a steel barrel and by means of his plunge got linked up with vaudeville shows. But a few years ago while on a vaudeville tour in Australia he slipped on a piece of orange peel, and sustained injuries that caused his death. What is Jenn A. Hussier going to get out of his bumping over the falls? Not much, perhaps. We would advise Jean to seek the Kingdom of Heaven, and then great will be his reward. — New York "Cry"

Keep the HEART Fires Burning for the CENTENARY CALL CAMPAIGN

Be Sure Your Sin Will Find You Out

(Continued from front page)

this side of the grave, or its consequences will be never-ending.

Is there any power or influence powerful enough to do this? Yes, the grace and power of Jesus Christ can save us from sin and its consequences—from its dominion and its penalty. Christ can arrest the sinner in his mad career.

He puts Himself between the avenger and his victim. He becomes the city of refuge into which the wrong-doer can fly for safety. He redeems from the past of sin and shame. He gives strength and grace, so that sin no longer has the rule over us. We are no longer its slaves, suffering its domination, and fearing its consequences. Here is hope—here is help—here is Salvation! In Christ—and Christ alone—is there deliverance. Claim it—and claim it now!



Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Micah 6: 6-11. "Humble thyself to work with God." (Marginal rendering). God's holy, happy fellowship with man was severed in Eden through Adam's pride of heart and disobedience. To regain for man the highest of all privileges, the Holy Son of God humbled Himself and became obedient "even unto the death of the Cross."

Monday, Micah 7: 1-8. "Therefore I will look unto the Lord." The prophet describes the abounding corruption and bribery of his "times." Men had ceased to keep faith with each other; even their nearest and dearest could not be trusted. So he turns to the faithful

The Call of God Obeyed

Charlie Mann Gets a Plentiful Harvest

CHARLIE MANN had been hard at work all the morning. With his mattock he had lessened the steep gradient of the bank of the creek that flowed across one of his cultivation paddocks. Having finished his job, he knelt on the grass and prayed.

He was a fine type of Salvationist. About twelve months before he had wedded the woman of his choice under The Army flag, since then he and Elsie had toiled hard and lived happily on their farm. A relative in comfortable circumstances had given the young couple this fine selection, and now bills totaling \$3,000 for necessary buildings, fencing material and plant were due for payment.

Undecided What to Plant

It was an anxious time, for they had not yet harvested a crop. Their assets in the shape of improvements and stock could not be drawn upon except by mortgage, or on a loan at interest, and they did not wish to be involved in this manner. The land allocated for cultivation had been cleared and prepared for sowing, but Charlie was undecided what to plant.

As he prayed, he asked the Lord to reveal to him the crop to plant, and a voice uttered one word—"Roots." He supposed that a neighbor had addressed him, and jumped up, but there was no one in sight.

Perplexed, he knelt again to pray, and once more the same word was spoken. Now, although he knew nothing about the cultivation of turnips and carrots, etc., he felt assured that the Lord desired him to plant something of this nature. Later in the day, when Jim, his brother-in-law, who was assisting him, asked if he had decided what he would plant in the special block, he replied as briefly as the revelation, "Roots."

"Yes," Jim reflected, "there will not be so many prepared to take the risk of slump again this year, and we may strike a good price. In any case, we can secure cheap seed, and this will be

a great consideration in our circumstances."

The seed was got free of charge from a neighbor, and prepared for planting. To avoid the grinding backache associated with potato planting, Charlie rode on the plough and allowed the seed to trickle through a hole in a box cut for the purpose.

Sage old farmers shook their heads, and implored the young man not to do that, but against all argument the tubers were set. They grew well, and when dug proved an exceptionally heavy yield.

Early one morning the thrifty young farmer was stacking a load of hay when a stranger drove up. The weather and the prospects of the coming harvest were subjects of mutual interest, but it was soon apparent that the visitors had a more pressing concern. His eyes were on the potatoes on the headland. On learning the estimated quantity, he made a rapid calculation in his notebook, and, to the astonishment of Charlie, offered \$5,000 for the lot, and said he would be responsible for cartage.

A Sensational Rise

Without comment, Charlie invited the man to breakfast, and before the meal was finished, two other prospective buyers had arrived. Realizing that there must be a sensational rise in the market, he declined to do business that morning.

Acting later on information received, he went to the city and found a merchant planning to ship a full cargo to an adjoining state, where there had been a failure in the crop. This man purchased all Charlie's "roots" at a price far in excess of that offered by the local buyers.

This was the beginning of prosperity, but before Charlie and Elsie could settle down to a life of comfort, the Lord spoke again. Without hesitation, the farm was disposed of and the call of God obeyed.

Charlie and Elsie are well-known Officers still on active service, and esteemed for their loving, Christ-like ministry.—John Powell, Fd.-Major (U.S.A.)

Our Heavenly Father

(A Bible Reading)

"Our Father which art in Heaven" (Matt. 23: 9).

"As a Father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him" (Ps. 103: 13).

"I must be about My Father's business" (Luke 2: 49).

"Your Father knoweth" (Matt. 6: 8).

"Come ye blessed of My Father" (Matt. 25: 34).

"It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom" (Luke 12: 22).

"No man cometh to the Father but by Me" (Jesus) (John 16: 6).

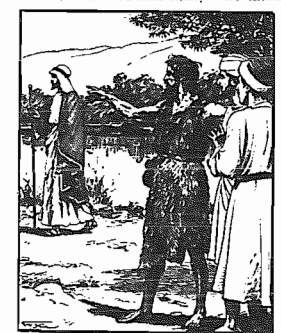
God, the never-failing source of justice, wisdom and mercy. "Reach downwards in the sunless days Wherein our guides are blind as we, And faith is small, and hope delays, Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise, And let us feel the light of Thee!"

Tuesday, Micah 7: 18-20. "He doeth all things in mercy." How otherwise can we explain the Cross of Calvary, or account for God's long-suffering patience with sinners? All of beauty or worth that may be ours, either in this life or the life to come, we owe to the mercy of God.

Wednesday, John 1: 1-8. "Power to become the sons of God." All who, with simple faith, humbly and sincerely open their hearts to the Lord Jesus, become what they were not before, partakers of the life of God. They experience that mysterious change of heart which comes to all thus "born again" of the Spirit of God. This new birth is God's work alone; our part is to accept God's Son as our Saviour.

Thursday, John 1: 19-28. "There standeth one among you whom he knoweth not." These people were looking and longing for the Great Deliverer promised by the prophets of old, and knew not that the Blessed One was right in their midst. We sometimes think we should get a wonderful blessing if only we could attend some big meeting or Council, forgetting that the One Who alone can bless is close beside us, able and willing to meet our every need.

Friday, July 1: 29-32. "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Though the Saviour's followers today can be numbered in millions, there are still many who know



"Behold the Lamb!"

nothing of Him? Do we pray for these as we ought? Are we, like John, eager to tell others what we ourselves know about the Lord Jesus? To point or lead men to the Lamb of God is the greatest work in the world.

Saturday, John 1: 43-51. "Philip

The Pilgrim Way

But once I pass this way,
And then—no more.
But once—and then, the Silent Door
Swings on its hinges,
Opens . . . closes,
And no more
I pass this way.
So while I may,
With all my might,
I will come this way.
Sweet comfort and delight,
To all I meet upon the Pilgrim Way.
For no man travels twice
The Great Highway,
That lights through Darkness up to
The Light.
Through Night
To Day.

—John Oxenham.

A PAIR OF SHOES

AT a recent Testimony Meeting an ex-drunkard who had lately found the Lord gave the following thrilling testimony:

When the man got up to his feet he was holding a small boy. His lips quivered; his whole face was full of emotion as he spoke of the change which Salvation had made in himself and his home:

"I never loved my wife nor cared for my child. The wife only wanted me to care for the house and look after the children, get my food and see to my clothes. My money and time were spent in the public-house. I never bought anything for my children."

Here he drew the boy closer to his side, and with much emotion lifted the little fellow's feet, and said, "These are the first pair of shoes I ever bought the child."

"Blessed is the Man who Feareth the Lord."—Psalm 112: 1

The man who is fearless with the fearlessness of the shallow mind, who will blunder into any place, laugh at any experience, crack a joke on the day of judgment, too witless to know that it is the judgement day, thinking indeed it is an auction sale, the man who will cackle down to the gates of hell, wink at the recording-angel, caper when he ought to kneel, fiddle whilst Rome is burning—that fearless fool, with no capacity for awe or fear in his being, is less an apology for a man than the chickenhearted.

The true general fears nothing but the loss of his honor, but he does fear that. The captain fears nothing but the loss of his ship, but he does fear that. The mother fears nothing save the hurt or loss of her child, but she does fear that. The scholar fears nothing but the betrayal of truth, but he does fear that.

And out of these noble anxieties and worthy fears spring all the finest qualities. The man of God fears God, and because of that, fears nothing else. He treats lightly all baser fears because of that one governing awe.

Pray, Plan, Work, Witness

The success of the
CENTENARY CALL CAMPAIGN
depends on it!

Let Every Salvationist Say So

If you are a Salvationist, your life will say so, your clothes will say so, your holy life will say so, your prayers, and tears and songs will say so, your standing up for God in the face of a perverse and godless generation will say so, your efforts to save people from sin, and death, and hell will say so. The word of the Lord will be a fire in your bones, and it will compel you to speak—that is, to confess your Lord—the Founder.

saith unto Him, come and see." Philip was wise. He did not stop to argue with Nathaniel or tell him that he was prejudiced against Nazareth. And Philip must have rejoiced as he stood by quietly and heard Nathaniel own the Saviour as his King. You will see the same blessed results if you act in the same winsome way.

The Light that Guides

Over the World's tempestuous Sea

Turning Aside to do God's Will

A Sabbath Evening Incident in the Life of The Army Mother

The Habit that Lasted a Lifetime

THE "Great Eastern" is now forgotten, and so, perhaps, is Sir James Anderson, who commanded her when she laid the cable across the Atlantic, but one story about him does not deserve to die. When a boy he was resolved on being a sailor, and when his mother finally consented and bade him farewell, she said: "Wherever you are, Jamie, whether on land or sea, never forget to acknowledge your God. Promise me that you will kneel down every night and say your prayers, no matter whether the sailors laugh at you or not." "Mother, I promise you I will," said Jamie, and soon he was on a ship bound for India.

They had a good captain, and as some of the sailors were religious men, no one laughed at the boy who knelt down to pray. On the return voyage, however, some of the sailors, having run away, their places were filled by others, one of them proving to be a very bad fellow. When he saw little Jamie kneeling down to say his prayers, he went up to him, and giving him a sound box on the ear, said, in a decided tone: "None of that here."

Another Well-deserved Thashing

A Scotchman, who saw this, although he swore sometimes, was indignant that the child should be so cruelly treated, and told the bully to come up on deck and he would give him a thrashing. The challenge was accepted, and the well-deserved beating was duly bestowed. Both men returned to the cabin, and the swearing man said: "Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you I will give him another dressing."

The next night it came into the little boy's mind that it was quite unnecessary for him to create such disturbance in the ship, when it could easily be avoided if he would only say his prayers quietly in his hammock, so that nobody would observe it. But the moment that the friendly sailor saw Jamie get into the hammock without first kneeling down to pray, he rushed to the stow, and dragged him out by the neck, said: "Kneel down at once! Do you think I am going to fight for you and you not say your prayers, you young rascal?"

During the whole voyage back to London the sailor watched over the boy as if he had been his father, and every night saw that he knelt down and said his prayers.

It was a habit Jamie never lost, and because he was industrious as well as good, he at last reached that eminence in his profession that led to his being chosen for the important undertaking with a reference to which this paragraph began.

"See if he Asks"

THE CAPTAIN was out selling the "War Cry." Knocking at the door of a customer, he heard a man say: "evidently bent on some fun: 'Let me go to the door, and I'll see if he asks me if I'm saved.'"

What else could the Officer do than accept the challenge, after a moment's conversation?

"Are you saved?" he questioned.

"No."

The Captain dealt with him immediately on the necessity for decision. The Spirit of God continued his work after the Officer had left and the man began to attend the Meetings, and before long was splendidly saved. His wife, already a Christian, was enrolled as a Salvationist with him, and both became good workers.

Some people witness to salvation by the very expression on their faces, and this was so of this man. He became known near and far as "Sunshine," because of the cheerfulness of his spirit and the light of joy in his face.—Sydney "War Cry."

On a certain Sabbath evening, I was passing down a narrow, very thickly-populated street on my way to hear a much-honoured minister of Christ, anticipating an evening's enjoyment for myself, and hoping to see some anxious ones brought into the Kingdom, when I chanced to look up at the thick rows of small windows above me, where numbers of women were sitting peering through at the passers-by, or listlessly gossiping with each other.

It was suggested to my mind with great power, "Wouldst thou not do more service, and acting more like your Redeemer, by turning into some of these houses, speaking to these careless sinners, and inviting them to the service, than by going to enjoy it yourself?" I was startled. It was a new thought; and while I was reasoning about it, the same inaudible interlocator commanded, "What effort do Christians put forth answerable to the command, 'Compel them to come in, that My house may be filled?'"

I Felt Greatly Agitated

This was accompanied with a light and union which I knew to be divine. I felt greatly agitated. I felt verily guilty. I knew that I had never thus laboured to bring lost sinners to Christ, and, trembling with a sense of my utter weakness, I stood still for a moment, looked up to Heaven, and said, "Lord, if Thou wilt help me, I will try"; and without stopping longer to confer with flesh and blood, turned back and commenced my work.

At some cost to myself, I stopped and spoke of Jesus to a group of women on a doorstep. They listened attentively and I went to another group who received me well. I began, to realize that my Master's blessed feet were behind me; nay, before me, smoothing my path and preparing the way.

With increased courage I knocked at a door and entered a home where the man seemed "much interested and affected" by my words. A woman with a jug in her hand, was standing on a doorstep adjoining, "My divine Teacher," said most plainly to me "Speak to that woman." The woman explained that she

had just been to fetch some beer in order to keep her drunkard husband from the public house. I then asked if I might go and visit the husband.

"No," she said, "he is drunk; you could do nothing with him now." I replied, "I do not mind his being drunk, if you will let me come in." "Well," said the woman, "you can come if you like; but he will only abuse you." I said, "Never mind that," and followed her up the stairs.

I felt strong now in the Lord and in the power of His might, and as safe as a babe in his mother's arms. I felt that I was in the path of obedience, and I feared no evil. Oh, how much the Lord's people lose through disobedience to the leadings of the Holy Spirit! If they would only keep His words, He would dwell with them, and then they need fear neither man nor devils.

The woman led me to a small room on the first floor, where I found a fine intelligent man about forty, sitting almost double in a chair, with a jug by his side, out of which he had been drinking that which had reduced him beneath the level of the beasts that perish. I leaned on my heavenly Guide for strength and wisdom, love and power, and He gave me all I needed. He silenced the demon, strong drink, and quickened the man's perceptions to receive my words.

A Half-Vacant Stare

As I began to talk to him, with my heart full of sympathy, he gradually raised himself in his chair and listened with a surprised and half-vacant stare. I spoke to him of his present deplorable condition, of the folly and wickedness of his course, of the interests of his wife and children, until he was thoroughly waked up and roused from the stupor in which I found him. . . . I read to him the parable of the prodigal son, while the tears ran down his face like rain. I then prayed with him as the Spirit gave me utterance, and left, promising to call the next day with a temperance pledge book, which he promised to sign. Exhausted in body, but happy in soul, I wended my way to the sanctuary, just in time for the conclusion of the service, and to lend a hand in the Prayer Meeting.

His Heart was not in It

A mother was once asked by a member of the family why it was that one of her brothers did not attend the family worship, generally making the excuse that it was too early, or too late, or else he had made an engagement. To the question, who made the enquiry, the mother, very wisely, we suggest, replied: "You see, your brother's heart is not in it!" Why is it men absent themselves from this and that, in respect to religious activities and exercises? We suggest, the reason is often just here: their hearts are not in it.

Worth Doing Well

An old saying is: "If anything is worth doing, it is worth doing well." All God's works in nature are perfect and wonderful. Place a needle under a microscope and it will look jagged, but place the spear of a thistle down and it is marvellous in its perfection. When we do anything, we should do our best, and specially in the Lord's work. We should build our characters Scripturally, pray believably, believe fully, work earnestly, love devotedly, walk humbly, and live consistently.

ATTACK!

Let this be our motto and practice more than ever before. Let us be on the offensive, individually and as an organization. This was always the Founder's method—ATTACK! He was hot-souled in his assaults upon

THE ENEMIES

of Righteousness. He fought against sin in Meetings, on the street corners, in high places, in business, and whether under the crude garb of a laborer or the silky apparel of the wealthy. He vigorously warned men against the power of sin, and extolled the power

OF GOD

as the only force that could change "the leopard's spots." The longer we live, the surer we become that he was right when he said: "Do The Army and do it the General's Way!" Shall we not make special effort to do so

IN THE CENTENARY CAMPAIGN?

The Captain who was Fond of Canaries

MAJOR JACK STOKER was a past-master in Salvation Army tact, and he used to tell with considerable relish the following characteristic story:

"When I went first to Hull I remember one Sunday night announcing that I would be starting my Corps visitation, and that I purposed to visit the home of every soldier on the Roll."

"Captain," said a woman Soldier, after I came down from the platform, "please don't come to our house, for as sure as you do my man will kick you out. He won't have any religious man across the door. The neighbours all know this and watch the fun of seeing the new Captain being thrown or kicked into the street." "Leave your man to me, missis," I said, "I can 'sweetheart' him." The day came when I got into the street where this particular woman lived. I turned round once or twice quickly, and saw the neighbours peeping out of their doorways for the "fun" that was shortly to be seen. I got to the door, and saw on the wall of the cottage several bird-cages.

"Jumping into the house, I turned a blind eye to the man, who sat near the fire-place, and exclaimed, 'Well, that is a fine limit! Eh, but that's a canary that any man might well be proud of! Oh, I do love birds!'"

"Then, turning suddenly round, I exclaimed, 'Pardon me, sir, I know it's bad manners to come into a house and not speak to the master, but when I see a good bird I seem to forget everything and everybody else.'"

"So you like birds, Captain, do you?"

"I Cannot Stay to Talk To-day"

"Like birds, sir? Why I almost worship them! But you'll pardon me, I cannot stay to talk to you about the birds to-day, though I would like to. Good-day!" "Good-day, Captain," said the man.

"At night the woman came to the Meeting. 'Captain!' she exclaimed, 'my man says you are the only man that ever came to this town that has got any brains! And you're to come to tea on Sunday!'"

"I went to tea on Sunday, never said grace, never mentioned the name of Jesus, God, Heaven, or Salvation, but talked on general subjects. I went again by invitation of the man on different week evenings, and talked about dogs, horses, sport of various kinds in which I had taken part, but no religion."

"After I felt I had got my man (about the sixth visit) and was telling him of my wild days, I suddenly said my good-night to him, and he exclaimed, 'But God has saved me from all that and made me of me a soul-winner. And if you'll cry to God, He will do for you what He has done for me!' He fell on his knees, cried like a child for mercy, and to-day is a Local Officer."

The Joy of Soul-saving

THE thrilling experiences and adventures that the work of soul-saving brings are among the highest and holiest to be found in human life. There are no joys so great in the world of pleasure or travel or discovery as those which come to the man or woman who lives to save wayward sinners.

After the long and persevering labours of Christopher Columbus in raising finance and equipping ships and in the leadership of a mutinous crew, his great adventure was rewarded by the discovery of a new world. October 12, 1492, must have been an unspeakably happy day for the discoverer of America.

But such worldly achievements cannot measure up to the joy of one who has frequent experience of bringing the Kingdom of Heaven to lost sinners met daily by the wayside of life.



'THE FLAG THAT GUIDES POOR SINNERS ON THE WAY' UNDER ONE FLAG



Christians! I never Heard of Christians! Who are They?

By Brigadier Pimm Smith

"Khanipur is an out-of-the-way village off the main track of Salvation Army operations. I had been there on business, and the appearance of The Army's Indian uniform had created no small amount of interest, as I had passed through the village streets and mingled with the crowd in front of the missionary's court."

"Now I was standing on the little railway-station platform waiting for a train to take me home. There, as previously in the bazaar, I soon became a centre of interest."

"A young man, evidently of the educated class, passed to and fro, and at each passing scrutinized me curiously. I could see he wanted to speak to me, so by way of encouraging him I said, 'Salaam, brother!'"

"He returned my salaam eagerly, and in a confused sort of way asked me: 'Please, can you honor me?' 'By way of testing him I said to him: 'Who should you think I am?' He answered: 'Sir, I cannot tell. I have never seen any one like you before.' 'You can read?' I questioned, at the same time pointing to the words, 'Salvation Army' written in the vernacular on the front of my red jacket."

"Yes," he said, "I can read, but I cannot understand." "Why," I asked, "the words are plainly written, are they not?"

"Yes, the writing is plain, but the meaning is not clear," he said. "Then, taking the words as they stood I said: 'Mukti, you know what that means?' 'Yes, I know 'Mukti.' "Then, 'Fau,' you know what that means?" "Yes, I know what 'Fau' means. 'Mukti' I know and 'Fau' I know, but 'Mukti Fau' I cannot understand. What has 'Fau' to do with 'Mukti'?"

To Save, Not Kill

"So I tried to explain to him that The Salvation Army was a company of people banded together like an army, whose purpose was not to kill, but to save."

"Then," he said, "you are religious people? 'Yes, we are religious people.' 'I think you are Mohammedan,' he said. 'No, I am not Mohammedan. I am not you must be Hindu.' 'Then you must be Hindu.' 'Then, if you are not Mohammedan and not Hindu, what can you be?' 'We are Christians, I said. 'Christians! I never heard of Christians. Who are they?'"

"I had to begin at the beginning and tell him the story of Jesus. When I paused he asked me: 'Have you any books of your religion?' I took out my Hindustani New Testament and read to him from the first chapter of Saint John's Gospel."

"And the wonderful words fell upon his ears for the first time, he seemed to be thrilled by them."

"Suddenly stopping me as I read, he asked: 'Your honor, pardon me, I this writer speaking of himself, or does he refer to another?' How like this was the question of the eunuch to Philip on the Gaza road! 'It is of Another he speaks,' I said; 'even of the Jesus about whom I told you.'"

"Wonderful, wonderful words!" he exclaimed. "I never heard anything like that before. Where could I get such a Book as that? I had only time to tell him, and then the train came in."

"I have never seen him since. Did he ever find Jesus whose wonderful story so deeply stirred him? I hope so. There are millions yet to whom the story must be told."

Christ is Marching On A Thousand Mysteries and Terrors Give Way Before the Incoming of the Light of the World

LOOK at Portuguese East Africa, for instance, which was "opened" not by invasion but at the urgent request—nay, the demand!—of the people themselves!

Natives converted while working on the Rand, and returning to their own people with the news of Salvation, created a demand for The Army Flag to be planted in this south-east corner of the great continent. The work there is as yet small, but bears a wonderful promise if men and money can be found to meet the need.

Sons of Salvation can now be heard in many a kraal says Ensign E. Christoferson, songs vastly different from those which not very long ago, were heard, especially on moonlight nights, when the strains are carried along the hillsides by the evening wind.

"Come with me on a visit to a kraal where heathen darkness still reigns. The headman of the kraal is sitting in front

of many proceeds, is enough to drive the sufferer mad."

"Meanwhile, the witch doctress walks round and round the woman, from time to time touching her with the tail of a hyena, constantly smelling at it, to ascertain the character of the illness or what kind of spirit has taken possession of her."

"Suddenly the beating of drums ceases, the witch doctress having fallen into a trance and the spirit having moved from the invalid to the doctress, who now commences to speak in the voice of the demon."

"Returning from her 'unconsciousness,' the witch doctress begins to interpret what the demon said to her while in the 'trance.' He revealed to her that he is the spirit of one who was killed in war by the ancestors of the sick person, and has taken possession of the woman to bring sickness and perhaps death, unless the relatives of the sick woman are able to gratify the demon and persuade him to leave her."



Women of East Africa who are yielding to the influence of The Army.

of his hut, surrounded by fifteen to twenty young men are busy banding round cups of beer. The reason for this gathering is the illness of the wife of one of the men in the kraal. The cause of the illness has been discussed the bones have been consulted, one of the superstitious practices among several South African tribes without result. Furthermore, prayers have been offered to the Amadhlolis—the spirit of deceased relatives without any improvement in the poor woman's condition."

"At last it is decided to send for the witch doctress, for it is believed that the sick woman is possessed by evil spirits. After some talk the men disperse and quietness again reigns in the kraal, but not for long. Suddenly the stillness is broken by the sound of singing and beating of many drums. The witch doctress, with her company of supporters, has arrived, and the ceremony has started. In one of the large huts the sick woman is lying on the bare floor. Squatted in different positions are seven or eight girls and women, who, when they notice us, make a still greater noise, some beating the drums, others clapping their hands, and all singing. The theme of their song is a request that the spirit shall depart from the sick person. The noise, which grows more frantic as the cere-

"How this is to be done, greatly to her own benefit, is explained by the witch doctress. She recommends the use of some of her many medicines, which she is prepared to sell at a very high figure."

"The ceremony at an end, we take our departure, glad to know that our beloved Army has set out to help the people of Portuguese East Africa and to free them from this domination of witchcraft and superstition."

"The sound of singing and drum-beating breaks the silence again. This time people are seen coming out from the numerous huts, and as the first rays of the sun light up the scene they form a procession and march round the Salvation Army village. Soon the strains of a well-known Army song are heard."

"When all the inhabitants of the village have lined up, they march to the 'Hall' a square mud hut thatched with palm leaves, in the centre of the village, and a red-hot Prayer Meeting is quickly in full swing."

"Some hours later the Salvationists are on the war-path again, marching in single file, singing and beating their home-made drums. They are off for a Salvation attack on a heathen kraal."

"The bright singing and drum-beating cause quite a stir among the people

The Envoy who Insisted

STERLING Salvationism, unflinching courage, and insistent adherence to personal conviction characterise the Salvationists of Chile, the great Republic of the West Coast of South America, says Major Snell, a British Officer who has worked amongst our comrades in that land for many years. To illustrate his point he tells the following life story:

"A widowed Chilean Salvationist Envoy earned her living as a public vaccinator. On duty she wore her nurse's uniform, at other times she dressed as a Salvationist and occupied herself with selling 'The War Cry,' visiting Converts, and other Corps activities. Some one in authority took exception to her conspicuous loyalty to The Army, and tried to claim that as a public officer she had no right to wear The Army's Uniform."

"The Envoy insisted on her right to plan her own affairs when business hours were ended. She was later called to face her chief, and told that it could well be concluded that as an active Salvationist she would be likely to propagate Army doctrine and teaching while on her official rounds, and that she must choose between her employment and her religion. After prayerful consideration she decided to obey the dictates of conscience. It meant dismissal from her post, but God opened for her another door into greater usefulness."

Would They Take Food With Me?

In one of The Army's Lepet Colonias there was a patient who, more sensitive than the majority, was deeply distressed over the fact that his leprosy made him loathsome to others. The pain and isolation and "mark of death" were less terrible to him than the dread which other people had of contact with him. His nurse, however, was ended by the assurances given him by a woman Officer. She spoke of Heaven and how God the Father and Jesus His Son would welcome him there. "Would They take food with me?" asked the absorbed patient. "Yes!" said the Officer. "Did she wrong in replying as she did?" "Some might say that to speak of God as eating and drinking is to commit grave error. But if there is no other way of conveying the idea of His love, is not it justifiable?"—A.J.G.

Thick with God

A story is told of two miners who went to hear a well-known Liverpool preacher. He had pronounced the benediction with that intense pathos of tone with which he was gifted above most men, and the congregation, subdued and silent, liked slowly down the aisles. The moment the two rough men reached the outer air, one gasped:

"Well, what do you think of that?" "Eh, Bob!" came the heartfelt answer. "but you man's thick w' God!"

passed on the way, and heathen children, men, and women join in the march. In a little while we are seated under some huge trees. Salvationists have arrived from various places and the day is spent in a special Meeting, some have with the greater part of the day. There is no waiting for testimonies.

"Reverently the whole crowd listens, and when the invitation is given several people make their way to the middle of the ring, where eager Salvationists point them to the Lamb of God."

When first he went to the Union, Ensign Christoferson attended an ordinary children's elementary school in order to learn the language. In addition to his native Norwegian, the Ensign now speaks fluent English, Zulu, and Portuguese.

We should make the same use of a book as a bee does of a flower: she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.

The Chief Secretary

It will be a great joy to all to know that the Chief Secretary continues to progress towards complete recovery; since his last surgical attentions he has had no occasion to remark on any set-back. We shall see him around during the Congress Days, and he may confidently expect many expressions of affectionate esteem from those who have thought and prayed much for him.

Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Taylor At Portage la Prairie

THE Field Secretary paid his farewell visit to Portage la Prairie on Sunday last, and put in some vigorous hours during the time of his stay in the City. Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Taylor, and Captain G. Habkirk and Lieutenant J. Nelson being present. The Open-Air Meeting was well attended, and the Bandmen and Songsters, as also a goodly number of Soldiers responded happily to the leadership of Lieutenant Nelson in this event.

In the Citadel there was a regular battle for souls, and also a real spirit of thanksgiving, which was well in line with the fact that the Sunday was the Harvest Festival Celebration. All that took place was of an inviting character, including the items by the Band and Songsters, and Captain Habkirk's appealing solo.

Colonel Taylor's words were greatly helpful, and took us in spirit back to those days when our Lord made His Own personal appeal to the men and women of His day. We are confident there were many with us who heard a fresh appeal—words as from Jesus Christ Himself—and who will heed the invitation which He so graciously extends to all.—J.N.

Mrs. Colonel Miller And Some League of Mercy Farewells

THE Winnipeg members of the League of Mercy met on Friday last—the 28th ult.—to bid farewell to Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Taylor, Mrs. Brigadier Smith, and Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele, all of whom have been indefatigable in the service of the League.

We were glad to have Mrs. Wellard with us, and to hear her words of appreciation of our comrades, and we were also pleased to hear Brigadier Park speak in a similar manner. In the absence of Mrs. Commissioner Rich, who was unavoidably detained, Mrs. Colonel Miller—an ever-welcome comrade—led the Meeting.—E.L.

Adjutant and Mrs. Talbot Arrive in Nigeria, West Africa

WRITING to the Field Secretary, Adjutant Talbot says: "Well, here we are at last, in this wonderful country, and very anxious to commence our work; the Training Session begins in a few weeks from now, and we shall then be hard at work."

"You will be pleased to know that we had very pleasant voyages, both from Canada and from England, and good weather and calm seas all the way."

"Our Welcome Meetings, conducted by Colonel Souter, were well attended, and closed with a week-end series with thirty-six souls at the Cross. Mrs. Talbot and I were in charge of the Meetings at Lagos a few Sundays since, and we rejoiced to see few seekers."

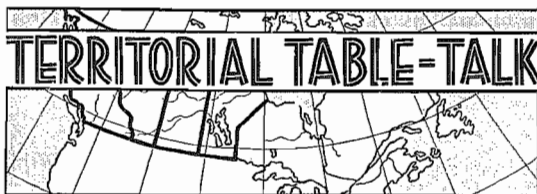
"My first impressions count for anything we shall like the country fine. The people are a very good, happy lot, and we are looking forward to great times and the winning of many souls."

A MARCHING CHORUS

Tune: "Call out The Army."

Jesus is mighty to deliver,
Mighty to save is He.
Mighty to snap the captive fetter,
Mighty to set the prisoner free;
Glory to God for His saving grace—
The grace that found out me;
Grace is all abounding,
Sin and hell confounding,
Mighty to save is He.

—J.N.



Winnipeg, October 11th

The Farewell Demonstration in connection with the transfer to California of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Taylor is announced for Monday next, October 8th, at Winnipeg Citadel, although the Field Secretary will not actually vacate his present position until a few days later. The Commissioner will preside at this meeting.

On the same evening Winnipeg Officers and Soldiery will have an opportunity of bidding farewell to Brigadier and Mrs. Smith, and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Steele, who are shortly proceeding to their respective appointments in Regina and Edmonton.

The Atlanta "Cry" announces that in connection with the farewell of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Pencock from the U.S.A. South Territory, they are booked to visit various important centres, and to make their last public appearance in the Territory at Atlanta on Monday, October 29th.

We hear with considerable interest of the forthcoming visit of Major and Mrs. Bigwood to the Territory. They are travelling through Canada en route to Japan, where the Major holds the important position of Field Secretary. Our comrades are announced for special Meetings at St. James on Sunday morning next (October 7th), and Winnipeg Citadel in the evening.

Heartiest congratulations to Captain and Mrs. Arthur Hill on the arrival of a little daughter at Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, according to latest reports mother and girlie are doing well.

Mrs. Captain Boyle, of Winnipeg III, has been a resident at Grace Hospital for several days, and has passed through a rather severe operation; we are glad to say, however, that she is making excellent progress.

Mrs. Captain Walker, of the Winnipeg Men's Social Department, has recently been compelled to return to Grace Hospital for further treatment. Her sickness has been of a long and trying nature, but we hear that she is well on the road to a better state of affairs.

Envoy Mrs. Pearson is another recipient of Hospital honours and surgical treatment; if a cheerful spirit and a smiling countenance are any help, she should soon be quite well again.

The British "Cry" announces that Ensign and Mrs. Karl Knott, who have spent several years in Missionary Service, are now on furlough in the Old Land. The Ensign is the son of our well esteemed former Chief Secretary, Colonel Knott, and, of course, brother to Adjutant Knott, the energetic Superintendent of Calgary Grace Hospital.

In Ancient Newfoundland

LT.-COLONEL DICKERSON, Sub-Territorial Commander of Newfoundland, who was accompanied by the General Secretary, Major Walton, and Staff-Captain Cornick, has just returned from an extensive tour of the Notre Dame which lasted for three weeks, every day and every night being put in at some Corps in the Northern part of the Sub-Territory.

At every place visited the utmost Salvation enthusiasm was exhibited, and especial interest was evinced in the Colonel's description of our warfare in South Africa. (Nothing is said about Canada West; we presume that is another Lecture.—Ed.)

The visit to Moreton's Harbour was marked by a touching incident, when Staff-Captain Cornick's aged mother was among those who came forward to the Mercy-Seat.

Since Adjutant Marsland's return from Central America he has been under close medical attention, and has now been obliged to enter hospital for an operation of some seriousness. The Grace Hospital authorities report that he is doing as well as can be expected.

In common with most folks within our ranks in the Territory we are greatly interested in the Field changes which are in the air. We hope to be able to announce the complete list in our next issue. In the meantime we express our hearty good-will towards those whose names appear in this week's Gazette.

There was the biggest thrill on Tuesday night last when we came down from the Editorial altitudes and saw the Centenary Cadets stepping it along Portage Avenue, and heard their song: "From the uttermost to the uttermost—mightily to save." They looked a smart brigade, but they'll look smarter yet.

NEW CORPS IN ALASKA

A Gracious Awakening In Connection with the Opening of Tenakee Springs



TENAKEE SPRINGS is a thriving little town along the Coastlands of Alaska, and came into prominence a few years ago because of the discovery of a very remarkable hot spring in the neighbourhood. The population is partly white and partly Native. Many who are troubled with rheumatism and kindred ills come hither for bathing in the healing waters.

Some months ago the Natives of the district were strangely stirred by the reports of the soul-saving work of The Army in other Native villages, and sent a request to Major Car-

ruthers, the Divisional Commander for Alaska, to visit their neighbourhood and hold some Meetings.

Quick to take advantage of such an invitation, the Major arranged with the comrades of the Juneau Corps to make the trip, and Envoy Jackson with other Soldiers of that centre heeded the call, and spent two weeks in the village conducting Salvation Meetings.

Wonderful and speedy were the results. Twenty-five were converted and signified their desire to become Soldiers of The Army, and it has now

been arranged for Envoy Jackson to take up his residence at Tenakee Springs, and have charge of our operations. The Envoy is standing to the right in the above illustration.

To date twenty-one Soldiers have been fully enrolled, and many of them are getting into uniform. A Flag has been requisitioned and a drum secured. (Note the order.—Ed.) This is entirely new ground, no other Church had any work in the neighborhood. A strong delegation is getting ready for the Annual Divisional Congress. To God be the glory.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in

Founder, William Booth
General, Bramwell Booth

Canada West and Alaska
International Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy.

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OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

PROMOTION—

To be Lieut.-Colonel:
Brigadier Bramwell Taylor.

To be Ensign:

Captain Olaf Halvorsen, Port Arthur Men's Social.

APPOINTMENTS—

Adjutant Jessie Header and Captain Isa McDowell from Drumheller to Regina Citadel. Ensign and Mrs. David Lee, from South Vancouver (No. V), to Drumheller.

Ensign Olaf Halvorsen, from Shaunavon to Port Arthur Men's Social Dept.

Captain Nae Taylor, from North Vancouver (No. VI), to Vancouver Grace Hospital.

Lieutenant Nellie Amos from North Vancouver to Vancouver Grace Hospital.

Lieutenant Elsie Smith from Inisfail to Vancouver Grace Hospital.

Lieutenant Henry Mack from Fernie to Victoria Men's Social Department.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Merritt Say Goodbye to Alberta

The final farewell of our Divisional Commanders, Staff Captain and Mrs. Merritt, took place in the Edmonton I Citadel on Friday evening where all Corps and Officers of the city united for this occasion. The Staff-Captain as well as Mrs. Merritt were well supported by the Social, Corps, and Subscribers Officers of the city.

When the Staff-Captain rose to speak he was greeted with a hearty applause which goes to show the high esteem in which he is held. He had just returned from a strenuous tour through the Division and was able to report victory all along the line. He told us of the new buildings which have just been erected in Grande Prairie and Macleod, giving God the praise and glory for these accomplishments. Before resuming his sent he thanked the Officers and Soldiers for their co-operation and faithfulness and urged them to be true to God and keep the Flag flying high.

After several other Officers had spoken wishing them God's speed in their new appointment, Mrs. Merritt was then called upon and spoke very feelingly of the pleasure she had had of working in their midst, following which Captain and Mrs. Stobart of Edmonton II favored us with a duet entitled "By the Pathway of Duty."

While feeling sad at the farewell of our Divisional Commander and his good wife our hearts were made glad when a young girl and a man volunteered to the Penitent-Form, thus saying farewell to sin.

Special mention should be made of the untiring faithful service which Victor has rendered in connection with the No. III Corps. Billy will also be missed from his place in the Juniors.

While we shall miss them here, our loss will be someone else's gain, and we pray that God will abundantly bless them in their new appointment.

—E.S.E.O.

The General Gives Thanks "For Every Faithful Effort"

A LETTER TO THE CHIEF-OF-THE-STAFF

Founder,
William Booth

International Headquarters,
London, E.C.4



My dear Chief I am very anxious to thank you & friends & comrades very soon for the expressions of affection and for the news of their continued faithful fighting wh: has reached me from all parts of the world. Do thank them for me for every blow struck for every faithful effort made to spread the spirit of The Army & to make known the power of Jesus Christ to our s to sanctify. It is a joy that my sickness need not hinder anyone else in the fight.

I rejoice & glorify God in recalling all the activities of our beloved Army up & down the world. And as you know the Lord has been pleased to make His power manifest in the last year or two both in the East & the West in a wonderful fashion. India & Japan wh: an war in my mind our my heart have marvellous victories to show victories for the Salvation of God among many of the most needy of the whole world. Glory be to God!!

Assuring you also of my deep gratitude for all your own toil in them says I am Yours affectionately,

W. Bramwell Booth.

There is nothing that makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and therefore men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother.

September 17, 1928.

Mrs. General Booth

Presides Over Important Councils of Women's Social Officers

A GRACIOUSLY high standard of spiritual helpfulness and leadership was attained in connection with the recent gathering at Swanwick (Derbyshire), says the British "Cry," when Mrs. Booth conducted the Annual Council with 363 Officers of the Women's Social Work. Following the four months of anxious and watchful care which she has devoted to the General, it was a great joy to Mrs. Booth that she was, once again, enabled to take her place on the platform, and it was especially fitting that her soulful counsel should be given, on the occasion of her return to the active service which she loves, to the Officers of that section of Army activity which must be regarded as her life-work, one that she herself organized and in which she so successfully laboured and for so long—that of our Women's Social Service.

The Council was presided in that Mrs. Booth and her daughter, Commissioner Catherine, who now has charge of this branch of Army effort, laboured together, the quiet, convincing logic of Mrs. Booth's arguments dove-tailing perfectly all the while with the practical soul-probing of the Counsel of her daughter. Surely, nature is mother and daughter so fully to complement the one of the other! The Women's Social Work is fortunate indeed in having the affectionate interest of the one and the efficient leadership of the other.

The report concerning the health of the General was gratifying to every comrade present, and the fact that Mrs. Booth had found it possible to leave his side at this time was even more convincing. His loving greetings to the Social Officers, whose work, said Mrs. Booth, he understood and who, in the hour of need, gave rise to a demonstration of affectionate loyalty.

Mrs. Commissioner Mapp was present as President of the Women's Social Auxiliary Force, a League which, while very young in its infancy, is proving a valuable aid to the Women's Social Work in Great Britain.

Commr. Mrs. Booth-Hellberg

Is Centre of Enthusiastic Gatherings in Cape Town and Johannesburg

FROM the moment when, at Cape Town, hundreds of Salvationists and friends, including the Mayor, affectionately received our esteemed visitor at the docks and, later on, escorted her in procession, amid the cheers of onlookers, through the streets of Cape Town, up to the moment of her great Meeting in Johannesburg, when over three thousand people listened with intense interest to her moving story of the Founder, Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg has been capturing all hearts.

Cape Town's Mayoral reception and public welcome was magnificent, striking tributes being paid to the Founder and to the work of The Army in this country. Our visitor's eloquent response made a deep impression.

The Sunday in the Territorial Centre was a wonderful day of hallowed influences. Three great public gatherings, a monster native Open-Air, and a march were held, and over one hundred seekers were registered. Salvationists are profoundly grateful to the General for sending his sister as his representative. The whole Territory is moved to pray more earnestly than ever for his complete recovery.

The Bantu Social Centre was packed by native Salvationists and other natives in the afternoon, when the Commissioner spoke of the Founder's, the General's, and her own love for the native peoples. Towards the European march-past on the Saturday afternoon, the crowd which thronged the saluting base demanded a speech, and the people were moved by the Commissioner's stirring address. A great reception was also given her in the Soldiers' Meeting. The Commissioner's words the Officers will long be remembering. Faithful tributes were given by Mashona Congress—H. G. Carter, Major.

A GREEN MEMORY

The entrance to Kalgoolie Citadel, West Australia, is shaded by a magnificent tree planted by the Founder during his visit in 1905.

The Commissioner in Vancouver

A "Campaign" Week-end and Welcome to the New Divisional Commander

THE Commissioner is always a welcome visitor to Vancouver, and his Meetings of the past week-end have been ample evidence of the fact that his latest visit is quite in line with any that have gone before. Of course, it has not been so demonstrative from a public standpoint, for, truth to tell, his words and purpose have been directed to ourselves rather than to those without.

It is no news to your readers to hear that an intensive Campaign is now going forward in this City in connection with the financial consolidation of Grace Hospital and its kindred activities. There are few amongst us who begrudge any association with this Campaign, for already we are realising the beneficent work which is progressing at the Hospital. We are also feeling the benefits of the same in a keener realisation by our town-folk of the inner purpose of The Army.

The Street Message of our Faith

We have long proclaimed the street messages of our faith—that salvation is for all—salvation from sin; now it is becoming more and more a known fact in our midst that The Army's message of Salvation is not only for a future life, but pertains to the circumstances of our every-day life, social as well as spiritual.

The Commissioner's heart-to-heart talk in his Sunday morning Meeting at the Citadel was full of good things for our present needs. Immediately we grasped the simplicity of his message, and realised that the Captain of our Salvation has in mind all the difficulties and temptations of our present-day experiences. Our hearts were uplifted and our faith renewed.

The afternoon demonstration took on the character of a real Army Family Gathering, for troops from all parts of the city added to the representativeness of the event. In this Meeting the Commissioner was well supported by Lt.-Colonel Payne, Major Habrick, Envoy Alford and others who are in the throes of the "Drive" plans.

Our Leader's earnest appeals for co-operation in the event now facing us were met with outspoken responses from the City Officers, including Adjutant Cubitt, Adjutant Sharp, Ensign Thirston, and Captain Morrison; so it is evident it is a case of "all hands on deck."

Carried forward by the enthusiasm of the afternoon the night Meeting was a

scene of old-time Salvation. The Hall was full to its utmost capacity, and following on the usual, yet unusual, items of such a Meeting—congregational singing and Songsters and Band music of a pleasing and inspiring character; the Commissioner's address, packed full of incident and appeal, was not without visible result.

We concluded the Prayer-Meeting with a line of seekers, and rejoiced to know that our labours had not been "in vain in the Lord," the eight who had entered into fresh light and full liberty were our "crown of rejoicing." An old-time "win-win" followed, in which the ardent spirits of the Campaign Party joined, and in which the Commissioner was no laggard.

We have not been privileged to receive much information about the manner in which the Territorial Commander spent Monday; suffice it to say, however, that it was not passed in recovering from the fatigues of the previous day, but by a round of interviews and speaking engagements which were not altogether unenjoying, in which we firmly believe will have their effect upon the special Call of the Moment.

The Installation Ceremony

The night Gathering, however, was one in which we could all share, and which gave us ample opportunity to show our appreciation of the appointment of Staff-Captain and Mrs. James Merritt to the command of the South British Columbia Division. The Staff-Captain's previous labours in our midst—Victoria and Vancouver, etc.—have endeared him to us in many ways—public and personal; and we lovingly welcomed him.

Those who spoke in the Welcome Meeting did but voice the sentiments many of us would have liked to express for ourselves; all we could do was to let ourselves be by our "Amens" or clapping—according to our standards.

Mrs. Merritt's address, full of humility but showing a keen realisation of her responsibilities, touched us all; the Divisional Commander's own speech was well in keeping with those high ideals which we have been led to associate with his life and work.

It was with a sense of hearty and comradeship cooperation that we joined in Lt.-Colonel Phillips' prayer of dedication with which the Meeting closed.—G.A.

The Chief of the Staff

Conducts 9th Czech-Slovakian Congress

IT matters not where one goes, east or west, north or south, The Army spirit is the same. Climate, custom, or tongue can make any difference to its glad manifestations. In Prague, the capital of Czech-Slovakia, it has expressed itself in a hundred and one ways during the ninth Annual Congress, which will probably be remembered as the joy Congress—for this spirit has predominated throughout.

The presence of the Chief of the Staff as this year's leader on what is still comparatively a new field of Army activity has given immense pleasure and satisfaction to Lieut.-Commissioner Frädrich, the Territorial Leader, and his devoted comrades, who have put up such a God-glorifying fight against many varied odds.

From the onset the Chief's geniality and brotherliness won him a sure place in the affections; he opened his heart to them and their hearts, the result being a gathering of uplifting power and usefulness.

With that true understanding of the needs of this difficult battle-field, the Chief spoke of the importance of keeping alive the Army spirit of which the Founder was the only and the—and, it might be added, the Chief himself was a living and inspiring example of his talk. His commendation of these comrades' sacrifice and toil, and his praise for what the past has witnessed, were much valued. The Congress Campaign has been waged with intense desire and enthusiasm. Beautiful sunny weather favoured the vigorous Open-Air attacks waged at different points of the city, fine crowds being attracted, especially in the afternoon at the Huss Square.

From the hotel gatherings the magnificent Smetana Hall proved an eminently suitable rendezvous. Here gathered a large and influential audience to hear of The Army's globe-encircling operations. The Chief held his listeners fascinated as he spoke in glowing language of the triumphs won under the Flag.

Some remarkable cases were registered, making in all the gratifying total of 125 for the week-end.—Ed. Tucker, Major.

Commr. and Mrs. Whatmore

Following on their Congress engagements in Toronto, Commissioner and Mrs. Whatmore are expected to pass through the Territory en route for Australia; it will be remembered that the Commissioner is the Territorial Commander for Australia South, and has recently been conferring with our International Leaders in London.

Unfortunately the Commissioner's travelling arrangements are not likely to allow of his undertaking any public engagements in Canada West, but his many old-time and later-day comrades, indeed, all Salvationists generally, will wish him and Mrs. Whatmore God-speed on their long journey.

An Immigration Item

IT was recently announced in the British House of Commons that out of ten Societies acting with the Home Government in Emigration matters a total of 23,591 individuals had proceeded overseas as a result of special facilities offered by the Government.

"War Cry" has readers who have been interested in the statement that more than a third of this number had sailed under the auspices of The Salvation Army; the exact figure for the two years named being 8,730.

He Had Heard the Story so Often

DURING one of his recent journeys Lt.-Commissioner McKenzie, of China, met a man who was unable to read or write but who recited the whole of the story of the rich man and Lazarus. It appears that he had been to various Army Meetings and had heard the story read more than once. He assured the Commissioner that he was going up to Heaven to meet Lazarus!

If he were feeling ill, but his dear spirit had already gone to God. It was a translation.

WINNIPEG GRACE HOSPITAL

THE GRADUATION EXERCISES

of the 1928 Graduating Class at

YOUNG CHURCH.....FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26th at 8 p.m.

COLONEL MARY BOOTH

will speak

The Last Moments of Commissioner Eadie

As described by Mrs. Eadie

WE ARE greatly favored in receiving from Colonel John Noble, of Toronto, the following extract from a letter received by him from Mrs. Commissioner Eadie: We feel sure that our readers will be thrilled with this choice story of the passing of a noble warrior.

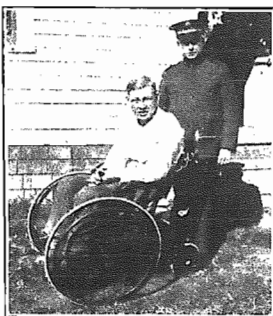
"The Commissioner's passing was very much unexpected, but very beautiful. I could not believe him dead. He just looked asleep, sitting in his chair with his hands clasped, he himself had never known of his passing and of the pain of parting, but, I know he would have a glorious entrance through the gates into the City of God. A multitude would be there to give him a welcome, and, best of all, he would have the Heavenly Father's 'Well Done'.

"He was truly a good man and a great man, so noble and thorough and trans-

parent in all his dealings, a true builder of the Kingdom of God. I have found all his papers just like his life, all in order and ready. He lies in a beautiful little cemetery surrounded by the hills he loved so well, just as he desired should be. To me all seems very desolate and dead without him, but I shall follow on, it will not be long. We looked forward with such joy to the children and grand children coming to see us, and that seemed the one thing the Lord denied him for some wise purpose.

"The night of his passing he was just sitting looking out on the beautiful hills and bay in glorious sunset, speaking to a friend of the goodness of God and all the way He had led him through life and at last bringing us to this quiet haven. There was a pause in the conversation, the friend looked up, saw his eyes closed and looking pale, went to him and asked

AND SO THE WHEELS GO ROUND

In the Presence of God
Who Searches All HeartsWEDDING OF CAPTAIN ARTHUR CARTMELL AND
CAPTAIN VIOLET EBY AT CAMROSE

ALTHOUGH we are somewhat belated in our report of the event we are happy to say that the wedding of Captains Arthur Cartmell and Violet Eby partook of all the characteristics of an Army Wedding. The Corps at Camrose was en fête for the occasion, which was only natural as it was the first happening of its character to take place in the town.

Staff-Captain Merritt conducted the ceremony with the happy yet reverent comradeship which one would expect, and the whole service partook of that nature, right from the first moments when the Bridal Party entered the Hall.

Captain Grace Eby of Penitence was with her sister, and Captain Lesher of Macleod, a former Garrison colleague, was with Captain Cartmell. Both of these Officers had an opportunity of expressing their good will towards the principals of the evening, and of giving voice to the general hope that the wedding was another mark in their work for God.

The duet, "Are you satisfied with Jesus?" was rendered by Captain Langford and Lieutenant Kinwig, of Wetaskiwin, was quite in tune with the brightness of the evening, and we must also place on record the delightful services rendered by our good friend, Mdm. Deidrickson-Hoyne, who helped us greatly in musical items.

The words of Captain and Mrs. Cartmell were just those which we should have expected from two such upstanding Salvationists. They affirmed their belief that their marriage was in God's will for them, and that they desired above all else to win souls for His Kingdom.

We cannot conclude this brief report without reference to the hearty hospitality rendered to a large company of comrades and friends by the parents of the bride; it served to round off in an exceedingly happy manner what had been a most striking ceremony.—J.E.

The Deliberations
of Daniel
DomoreDanny Writes
About NothingSuite A1 Styrenup Maroons
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Mr. Editor:-

One of the hardest things in life is to have to sit down and write a letter about nothing. I have heard of an Officer who once preached on that subject, and the address was quite up to the title, but I must confess that I find mine a difficult task to-day. For one thing, I am not feeling well—everything seems to have gone wrong, and what hasn't gone wrong, hasn't happened at all.

There is no movement in the Camp at all, neither up nor down. I've phoned through to Brigadier Smith, the Publisher, you know, and he is nearly as despondent as I am about the matter. In fact, he says it's about time he got off to Regina, so that that Division can get a move on in the matter of "Cry" circulation. I'm sure it will.

Then the folks at the Training Garrison are obstinately silent about their "Cry" sales; I cannot get any reply to my enquiries, and when I phone they are either out, or gone to lunch. There's all those dear "More than Victors" hanging around, and a "Cry" to read or sell unless you have information that you have not passed on to me.

I am in no mood for the Congress. I had planned in my own mind a triumphant Brigade of "War Cry" sellers lining the streets, and shouting their wares and "firing volleys" for the Visitors. But no, the "earth is plunged into utter silence." It is slowly dawning on me that we need another Editor, somebody who will put some pep into the paper, and some attractive frontispieces not the sort that some boomers, if there are any left—are ashamed to plunk down on to a customer's counter. "Take an order of him, Mr. Editor, he's a bit out of sorts to-day, he'll be better soon."

That's it, she always comes along, and makes me feel ashamed of myself. I suppose the fault is in me, and I'd better get out and serve my own customers.

Yours very sincerely,

Dear Mr. Domore:
Why don't you go and see the Editor sometimes instead of spending so much time writing him? You both live in Winnipeg, and you could get over your grumblings over so much better than talking them out. However, you have your own mind, and I am sure you will find readers to try to enter into your talks.

I would like to give you a little encouragement, for really you are one of the most cheerful complainers I ever knew. It is too bad about the sales drops, and I've made up my mind to try to turn over a new leaf.

Give my kind regards to Mr. Domore. I would much like to meet her, and maybe when I come up to the Congress you will introduce me to her; or, would it be convenient for me to be killed at your quarters?

Yours very sincerely,

A Good Friend
And that's that. You can generally get the most of a letter by reading the last bit. So here's going out to sell my own "Cry's." I'm going to do so, booming on Portage, just to shock some of the comrades of our Corps.

Yours in the firing-line,
Daniel Domore—Envo.

Tune: "Give me a faith triumphant"
Fully trusting in the battle's fray.
Fully trusting Jesus all the way.
Fully trusting—this the surest stay.
Trusting alone in Jesus.

SO many and varied are the services of The Army, touching the national life at every turn and yet bringing joy and stability into domestic affairs, that we are more and more constrained to thank God for the opportunities that come to us day by day.

A few moments since we passed on the busy thoroughfare of Winnipeg a young fellow, selling his papers and thereby continuing to gain an honest livelihood, who, but for the thoughtfulness of one or two comrades at Headquarters, would not be able to do. Fitted up with a mechanical tricycle, he now trundles the streets of the city in safety and comfort, whereas he might have had to remain in some institution, a care to the taxpayer and a burden to himself. It is small wonder that William Ward looks gratefully on every Salvationist who passes him, even though most of them know nothing of the Commissioner's action in the matter.

Anxiety Turned to Relief

Now there comes to us a similar story from Edmonton, where anxiety has been turned almost to positive happiness; at least to some degree of relief.

Donald Hood, the son of a veteran of the great war who passed away after returning to Edmonton, contracted infantile paralysis during the epidemic last year and is still unable to use his legs. The mother's energies are taxed to make ends meet and Donald seemed doomed to spend his days motionless in the house, since a wheel chair was beyond their means.

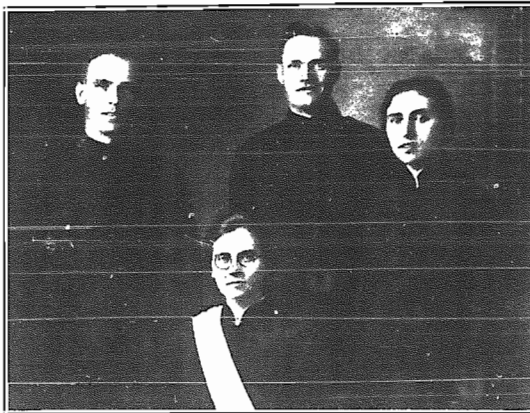
Telling the story briefly in the Edmonton papers and asking for donations to purchase such a chair, Adjutant Stewart collected \$45 within eighteen hours after the story appeared. This is not quite enough for a good chair, but Blouey Henry company did their share and now the paralyzed boy can travel about wherever he pleases.

Be it noted, we do not tell these two tales in this fashion because "our trumpeter is dead"; we do not set them in this guise so that they may be regarded as another sort of appeal; we relate the stories because two young men are not altogether content that gratitude shall go unrecorded.

JOYOUS SOUL-SAVING TIMES

Edmonton Citadel (Adjutant and Mrs. Hubbard.) We have been having joyous times here, and are happy to report six seekers during last Sunday. One of them was a man, once a Christian, who had been under conviction for some time. His pal, who was beside him, also came to the Penitent-Form, and afterwards testified that God had forgiven him, and said that he was going on in God's strength to do what is right. Praise God for these victories.—E.O.

Lord, may the shining of Thy face
Dispel our sin and care;
May souls be born again through grace
And saved from dark despair:
We wait within the sacred place,
Wilt Thou not hear our prayer?



Left to right: Captain and Mrs. Cartmell; Capt. Lesher and Capt. Grace Eby

THE CADETS WELCOME

Fort Rouge (Captain Reed and Lieut. Gordon.) For the first time in nearly four years we have welcomed a Brigade of Cadets to our Corps, and feel that, under the guidance of Sergeant Fraser, they will be an influence for good in this district.

In the Holiness Meeting on their Welcome Sunday one young girl knelt at the Mercy-Seat. At night Adjutant Davies was a very welcome visitor, her helpful words touching many hearts. The Meeting concluded with a Hallelujah wind-up.

KAMLOOPS CAMPAIGN

Kamloops (Captain Willson and Lieut. Murray.) We are believing for victory during the Centenary Call Campaign; since its commencement three seekers have been registered here. Hallelujah! One young man boldly attended the Open-Air Meeting, and there testified to the change in his life. This gladdened our hearts. We have been sorry to say good-bye to Y.P.S.-M. Deirks and his wife, who have gone to Saskatoon. We feel, however, that they will be used of God there, as they have been with us.—O. & V.

MISSIONARIES AT MOOSE JAW

Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the flying visit paid to us by the Field Secretary recently, and his briefs of counsel inspired all.

A recent big feature was the Missionary week-end conducted here by Adjutant and Mrs. McTavish, on furlough from India. All day Sunday we had the most delightful gatherings, among the happenings being the welcome of Bandsman Bert Hartwell of Swansea (Wales) Citadel. All rejoiced over the conversion of an ex-Bandsman. Monday night the Meeting took the form of a Missionary Demonstration, which was well attended. May God bless the Adjutant and his wife.

Last Sunday found us on the radio, and many remarks of appreciation of our playing and singing have since been heard. During the Meeting two souls surrendered.

The Band recently took part in a Mass Rally of young people at Zion Church, when over 1,200 persons were present. The Rev. H. Carter, a representative of the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches, London, Eng., was the chief speaker. His subject was "Alcoholism," and the result of the gathering was that practically every one signed the Temperance Pledge. On this occasion Deputy-Bandsmaster Hill rendered a cornet solo, "Jesus is strong to deliver."—"Rex."



THE CONCERTINA

A Tribute and a Suggestion

By ERNST RAISER

FOR some time I fought shy of the concertina. Such an unpretentious instrument had no appeal for me. But when I first became acquainted with its possibilities, I soon learned that it represented something more than whistle and wheeze.

My own instrument possesses a personality, which I have discovered during the years in which it has been my constant companion. Its potentialities were revealed to me at a lonely west-coast town, when, after having conducted my Meeting, I would seek the solitude of the night-bound cliffs in order to "untwist the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony." In these circumstances my concertina became consecrated to the service of the Kingdom.

A Humble "Box of Whistles"

My concertina assumes its highest importance when I regard it as the medium of contact between other men and myself. I lay to the credit of this humble "box of whistles" the many opportunities which have come to me for influencing my fellow-men. Apart from its normal service on the platform and in Meetings, it has accompanied me, in more unconventional moods, into public-house bars and prisons. In cottages and at wayside railway stations, in season and out of season, it has captured the attention of indifferent minds, speaking its own message, and giving me the necessary introduction for a further and more direct appeal. Herein lies its supreme value.

The power of the concertina to provoke singing has sometimes surprised me. When, during my visits to the Men's Social Institutions, I see a crowd of men saying to the rhythm of an old song until it finds spontaneous expression on the lips, I am rewarded for my past efforts in the mastery of my little instrument. So powerful has been its appeal that on one occasion, at the conclusion

of a Meeting during which my concertina bore testimony, I came across an ancient but-end of humanity creaking lustily in the gloomy precincts of the Blackfriars Shelter, and his theme was "Land of Hope and Glory!"

The associated experiences of my concertina and myself have provided me with countless interesting memories. I recall a scene within the walls of a London prison, in which my faithful instrument played the leading role. It was my first experience of the kind. I had been given the opportunity of addressing a group of my less-fortunate brothers. They were gathered together in a room which had once borne the dreaded words "Condemned Cell." As I looked at these men, I thought, "Who can catalogue the hopes and fears and despairs of such souls?" My words became inadequate—they were but tantalizing phrases. And so I let my concertina speak. My audience clearly understood its language. Silent tears slid over sun-grown faces, while the rise and fall of the air told its story.

An Intangible Utterance

On two occasions my concertina and I visited the Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum. Together we faced one of the strangest assemblages of mortals to be found. Surely there must be a message of hope even for such as these; and, once again, the intangible utterance of music brought forth a response that could be felt.

I believe my concertina recognizes its mission. It certainly fulfils it! Down among the derelict men, in the market-place, along the grim terrace, into theaching desolation of the prison-cell, in the slum, from the seamy-side to the seamy-side, my concertina has distinguished itself, sharing and collaborating with me in all its adventures.

It is of the lineage of David's harp!

—All the World's

"That Men May See"

"LET your light so shine before men," said Jesus, "that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." We think it no small part of our daily duty as followers of our Lord so to live our lives that we may justly put His saying into effect. It is just as possible as the Father's word of God, as to make the world feel that we belong entirely to the Evil One.

What an entrancing story is told by President Wilson in the first volume of his recently issued "Life and Letters." In it he tells of his first contact with Dwight L. Moody, and it is as follows:

"I was in a barber's shop, sitting in a chair, when I became aware that a personality had entered the room. A man had come quietly in on the same errand as myself and sat in the chair next to me. Every word that he uttered, though it was not in the least distinct, showed a personal and vital interest in the man who was serving him; and before I got through with what was being done to me, I was aware that I had attended an evangelistic service. Before Mr. Moody was in the next chair. I purposely lingered in the room after he left, and noted the singular effect his visit had upon the barbers in that shop. They talked in undertones. They did not know his name, but they knew that he was a man who elevated their thoughts. And I felt that I left that place as I should have left a place of worship."

We cannot all be Dwight L. Moody's, but can any man limit the power of God with any one of us?

Too Clever by Half

Don't think yourself more clever than you really are. God has given all of your some talents which He expects you to cultivate, but He certainly does not favor boasting. A few years ago a lady was motoring in Wales, and near a tiny village her car broke down. While it was being repaired, the lady talked to the church close by, and the sexton offered to show her round.

He took her to the organ, sat himself on the stool, and commenced to sing to his own accompaniment. When he had finished the song he said, "What do you think of that? You know I am the champion singer of this district for miles around, and only last week won a five-shilling prize in a competition." In a further endeavour to impress her with his cleverness he said he would sing "Abide with Me."

"Perhaps we can manage a duet," suggested the lady. The sexton was doubtful, but they commenced. Before the song had proceeded very far the lady's wonderful voice had hushed the old man into silence and he left her to finish the song alone, while he sat spell-bound. "Magnificent!" he said, when the last note had died away. "I have never heard such singing in my life. Who are you, may I ask?"—and the poor sexton was greatly humbled to discover that he had been "showing off" his voice to *Madame Clara Butt!*

True repentance has a double aspect; it looks upon things past with a weeping eye, and upon the future with a watchful eye.

Sister D. O. Asilike

A Few Comments on Her Attire

The Salvation Army "Orders and Regulations" for Songster Brigades clearly states that "Songsters will wear full regulation uniform, with the addition of the Special Songster's Badge shown on the left breast of Tunic or Jacket."

It is difficult to understand how any one can misread this, and no stretch of the imagination can fathom the mentality of Sister D. O. Asilike who sallies forth in such questionable splendour as the artist depicts in this cartoon.



Sister D. O. Asilike
Oh, how delightful! Oh, how lovely!

Yet as sure as the sun shines on a Sabbath morn, ladies adorned in this manner can be seen wending their way to the Open-Air. The Bonnet carefully perched at an angle of forty-five degrees, a crumpled Chinese blouse, held together by a sparkling specimen of cheap or common jewellery, a pair of polished patent shoes. Now, really, this is too bad; it is unattractive, and not only demonstrates the worldly spirit of the wearer, but brings discredit on the Brigade to which she is attached. Even if one cannot afford the full regulation uniform, there are plenty of clothes that can be selected to tone down to the Army bonnet and the usual Salvation Army standard of simplicity. No Songster should come on duty dressed other than in uniform. This practice is to be deprecated both by Bandsmen and Songsters, for the Regulations clearly states in section 14, par. 2, that, "When coming on duty direct from daily employment, Songsters should not carry garments before hand to leave their uniform at the Hall, or some house near the Open-Air stand."

This should not be a difficult matter, and we strongly advise all concerned to carry out this regulation, as it is calculated to work out to the advantage of the individual and the Army in general every time.

Let the delinquents study the picture carefully, and surely they will conclude that to be so arrayed is as foolish as it is detrimental to the cause for which they are laboring.

Who Invented Music?

THERE are many curious legends concerning the origin of music, which the Hindus attribute to divine agency. A miraculous bird is said to have provided the Chinese with the musical scale, whilst the Japanese say that music was devised by the gods to lure the sun-goddess from a cave where she had retired.

From Arabia comes an amusing legend that Moses, the candle-drawer, fell from his seat and hurt his arm. In his pain he called out, "Ja," "Jodah." His line voice stirred up the camels so that they moved more quickly—and from that time all camel-drivers sang.

Our Occasional Talk

"Easy Come, Easy Go!"

I read the other day of a man who, two years ago, won what amounted to a fortune in a sweepstake. He was undergoing an examination for bankruptcy. He had managed to spend, or, at least, to get through, many thousands of pounds in the two years of his affluence. It was a case of "easy come, easy go!"

There is an old saying in Lancashire: "Clogs to clogs in three generations." What does it mean? Much the same thing. Clogs used to be the mark of the working man, and many such men, in the palmy days of cotton, rose to affluence.

Their sons, born mostly in the days of comparative poverty, kept short of spending money in their younger days, were the wealthy and influential men of the towns. They had known hardship in their youth, had learned self-control, were often good business men, and to their father's late-acquired wealth they added more.

But what of their sons? Sometimes, especially if they happened to have a very wise mother, they turned out well, and still further increased the family fortunes. Quite often, however, they were encouraged to live easy, self-indulgent lives, had only to ask in order to receive, never knew the meaning of hardship or the discipline of hard work.

"Clog to Clog"

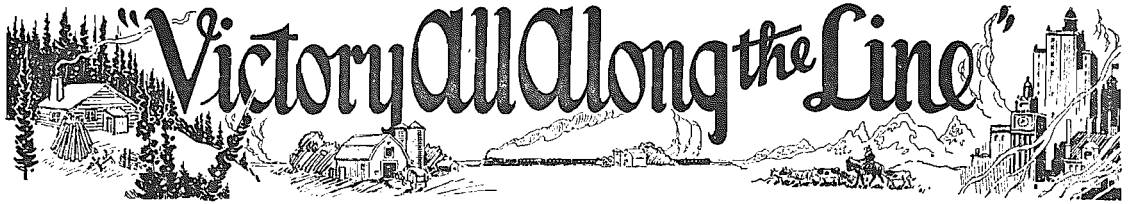
Thus, they grew to manhood, not only badly equipped for carrying on the business, but often too unstable of character even to care to do so. When the business came into their hands, it fell to ruin, and they themselves returned to poverty and "clogs." Never having had to work for their riches, they were incapable of keeping them.

I remember reading when I was a boy, the story of two dogs. Both were born in the backwoods, but one was taken to the city as a puppy. Its owner was disgusted, two years later, when he returned to the wild, to find that, whilst his own dog was soft and cowardly, the other dog was as courageous as a lion.

Then the story went on to say that the two owners changed dogs. The backwoodsman took the soft dog, and the city man took the courageous one. Two more years passed, and the pampered pet had become a resourceful dog, and the lion-hearted fellow had become as mild as milk!

There is often a great deal of advantage in disadvantage. In less favoured times it may have been true there were some who were unable to emerge from their unfavorable environment and make their shining talent known. But, speaking generally, there is little excuse for any one to say today that the severity of his handicap has prevented him from winning the prize.

The reverse is more often true. It is the severely handicapped man who wins in these strenuous times, when brains count for more than brawn ever did, and mere money for less. Some of the biggest businesses in the world at the present time have been started on the smallest capital.



Harvest Thanksgiving at St. James

St. James (Ensign and Mrs. Fugelsang.) Our special Harvest celebrations were conducted this year by our own Officers and a splendid series of Meetings ensued. Saturday night, a batch of men-Cadets, under Sergeant Hunt, joined the Soldiers in a rousing Open-Air Meeting while other comrades were busily decorating the Citadel with the gifts of vegetables, fruits, etc., and which looked very attractive on the morrow.

Cadet and Band Open-Airs preceded the Holiness Meeting, all being well attended. During the Holiness Meeting the Cadets were given an official welcome as were other visitors, including Captain Hill, who gave his testimony. Several Cadets also spoke. Bandsman H. Rowett was also welcomed back into the Band after an absence of eight months or so in another part of the Lord's vineyard. Ensign and Mrs. Fugelsang sang a duet, after which the Ensign administered some spiritual food to those present, this being very satisfying to our hungry souls.

In the afternoon we had our first Company Meeting since the com-

Centenary Call Campaign

Our Aim:
"Never falter, never fear."

menement of the paralysis epidemic, and although it hadn't been advertised very much a goodly number of children attended.

The evening Meeting was brim full of praise and thankfulness for the good things provided for us by our great Creator, testimonies, songs and messages all being a strain of thanksgiving, as was the very appropriate Band selection rendered so feelingly, and Mrs. Captain Carswell's solo. Thanks were expressed by the Commanding Officer for the splendid work of the Corps Cadets, Band and Soldiers in collecting for the Harvest Festival which was done so faithfully. It is of note that through the Ensign's endeavour he has secured donations to the Corps of three tons of coal from local dealers which will greatly lighten the Corps' usual winter burden. We wish to thank these friends through the columns of the "Cry," this is a very acceptable gift indeed.

Monday night our sale of produce took place; the Hon. Bandsman J. Dancy auctioned off the vegetables, fruits, etc., in his usual breezy style, and, to say the least, the sale was worth while.—F.H.

Army Friend Promoted

Hazelton (Sergeant-Major P. Wilson.) Sunday, September 16, our Holiness Meeting was conducted by Envoy Jacob Robinson, and we had a blessed time. There was no Meeting in the afternoon on account of the funeral of an old Army friend, John Muldow, who often attended our Meetings.—G.T.C.

Few Present—One Volunteer

Kerrobert (Captain Mills and Lieut. McKee.) On a recent Sunday, although only a very few attended our Meeting we rejoiced over a man who volunteered to the Penitent-Form, where he sought and found Christ. Brigadier Gosling visited us a while ago, and greatly blessed us.—C.V.

The Chiming of the Bells

Bandsman Harry Foster and Sister Blanche Hosking Wedded at Vancouver Citadel

Were I sure I should not be suspected of worldliness I would say that the marriage of Bandsman Harry Foster and Sister Blanche Hosking was one of the prettiest I have ever witnessed in The Salvation Army. Of course, there was a tremendous crowd, and as is usual on such occasions the women predominated! Everything seemed just right. The platform was neatly, if not elaborately decorated, and when Adjutant Cubitt, accompanied by Lt.-Colonel Phillips and Major Jaynes, followed by the bridegroom, who was attended by Bandsman Tom Mills, ascended the platform, the interest became intense. Then the piano, under the manipulation of Bandsman R. Cook, sounded forth the wedding bells, and the bride entered, escorted by her brother Frank, and attended by Guar-

Leader Johanson and Sunbeam-Leader Eva Grant.

Adjutant Cubitt kept the gathering excellently in hand while conducting the preliminary exercises; Staff-Captain Eaton in equally serious vein read the Scriptures and made a few comments for the edification of all present. Then Major Jaynes very suitably performed the actual wedding ceremony and pronounced the benediction.

Immediately after there was a reception in the Y.P. Hall, this being attended by intimate friends of the young couple. There were several felicitous speeches made, among those taking part being Major Jaynes, Adjutant Cubitt, Staff-Captain Eaton, and Bandsman and Mrs. Foster.—G.A.

Happy Ceremony at Sherbrooke Street

On Friday evening, Sept. 21st, the Sherbrooke Street Hall was the scene of a charming wedding which was of great interest to a large number of comrades

up through the Y.P. Corps; they have both rendered valuable and faithful service.

To the strains of the "Liverpool" March played by the Band, the bride entered, escorted by her brother Frank. Her sister Mildred acted as bridesmaid. The bridegroom was ably assisted by Band-Secretary W. Pacey. After the opening exercises, the ceremony was quietly and impressively conducted by the Major and all present felt the presence of God very near blessing the union of our two young couples.

A short reading of his own composition was rendered by Band-lad Ivan Robson, paying tribute to the groom, his Bandsman, and the bride, who is also his Company Guard. Short speeches were given by the newlyweds and their attendants. Fld.-Major Hoddinott read the Scripture portion, and Major Oake in a few fitting words brought the wedding service to a close.

After congratulations had been offered, a supper was attended by a hundred and seventy-five guests in the tastefully decorated lower Hall, under the direction of Mrs. Captain Boyle, assisted by the sister comrades.

Cut-of-town guests included, as well as the groom's family from Elm Creek, Man., Brother and Sister Jack Peters, of Dimsmore, Saskatchewan.

At the close of the reception, Captain Boyle promoted our comrade to the rank of Bandsman, presenting him with his commission for this position.

Sold Out!

Fernie (Captain Buckley and Lieut. Mack.) There was a most satisfactory display of fruit and vegetables at our Harvest Festival Meetings; the gatherings were well attended and much blessing resulted. The Soldiers gladly joined in the Altar Service, \$30 being the result of their offerings. The Sale was conducted by Brother Dee the following night, the proceeds being considerably above those of last year. We are glad to say that all our "War Crys" are sold every week.

A Campaign Launched

Red Deer (Captain Johnsrude and Lieut. Barlick.) The Centenary Call Campaign has been launched vigorously here, and we already rejoice in one soul for the Kingdom. This comrade, who had been a backslider for nine years, now gives a good testimony.—C.V.

Candidates Send-off at Vancouver

Vancouver has once again sent its quota of Cadets to the Training Garrison, and this year the Citadel contribution has been equalled by that of Grandview, the thriving No. III Corps, four Cadets coming from there. At the Citadel the farewell of Candidates Cheavon, McDonald and Watt (Candidate Wagner having preceded them East a week or so previously) took place, appropriately enough on Rally Day, when our comrades were well to the front, giving an intelligent account of the experiences which led them to offer themselves for Officership. The Salvation Meeting was especially fruitful.

On the Monday night Brigadier Layman conducted a brief united Dedicatory service in the Citadel, in which all the City Candidates participated. The Brigadier explained that several had already left for stop-over points on the way to Winnipeg. Sister Mrs. Wyse, Grandview, smoked representing the parents, and we were also glad to hear from our veteran comrade, Lt.-Colonel Phillips.

After the hearty, although short Meeting, a monster march was formed in, and the Candidates were escorted to the station. Grandview Band and Soldiers were out in strong force, and formed an impressive part in the procession. At the C.P.R. Station quite a crowd had gathered to witness the fact that, even if Vancouver Salvationists can do well in frequently giving enthusiastic recitations they can do even better in the way of send-offs. Both the Bands played on the platform, and after much handshaking and leave-taking the future Officers boarded the train which took them on the first stage of what their comrades sincerely hope may be a life of useful service.—G.A.

A Red-Letter Day

A Fiery Prayer-Meeting and Nine Surrenders

Weston (Captain Littley and Lieut. Venn.) Sunday was a red-letter day for Weston, when we welcomed our

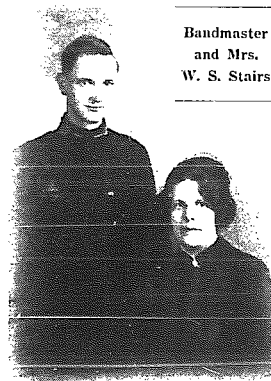
Centenary Call Campaign

The "War Cry" is an excellent introduction in house-to-house visitation.

new Brigade of Cadets, and also had the pleasure of a visit from Adjutant Davies in the Holiness Meeting. In the morning Lieutenant Venn spoke helpfully. At night the Hall was full for the farewell of Lieutenant Venn, who, as said the two comrades who spoke, has been a great blessing to us during her short stay with us. After Captain Littley's address a fiery Prayer-Meeting followed when nine Captures were made, eight of these being backsliders. Weston is out to pull down the Devil's Kingdom.—V. Boorman.

An Arduous Battle

Saskatoon Citadel (Ensign and Mrs. Collier.) Victory was again on the Lord's side last weekend when the young men knelt at the Mercy-Seat at the close of the day's fighting. It had been an arduous battle, and we praise God for the result. The Harvest Festival Effort has been well organized by the Ensign, and good results are anticipated.—"F."



Bandmaster
and Mrs.
W. S. Stairs

and friends, when Deputy Bandmaster D. Stairs and P. Sergeant Edna Fortys were united in marriage by Major Oake. Both these young people are products of the Sherbrooke St. Corps, having come

"From the Fields of Sin"

Brandon's Fruitful Harvest-Festival

Brandon (Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughey.) From the heart of each comrade gathered on our Harvest Sunday there truly ascended a note of praise, and a joyful song of thanksgiving to God for all His goodness. The beautiful decorations in the Citadel helped to create just the right atmosphere, and as we saw the fruit and vegetables displayed we realized again the truth of the promise that seedtime and harvest should not cease. The Meetings throughout the day were bright with harvest music, this blending well with the subjects our Officers chose. At the close of the day we rejoiced to see precious souls gathered from the fields of sin. Each comrade echoed the words of the song: "We want our lives henceforth to be All fruitful in good works for Thee." —B."

A Few that are Worthy

By Envoy C. W. Waggoner

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

MANY things have happened in Sardis since Ensign Alan Bristow and his wife had come to take charge of The Salvation Army in this town. Helen Ormond, a very wealthy man, came to them in great trouble. They had helped her through her trouble, and when her father had turned her from her home they had taken her in. All she was again reconciled with her parents. Will Coulter, a drunkard and backslider, had through their efforts been reclaimed. Officer O'Donnell, a big policeman, had come to them in trying to locate his son, Danny O'Donnell. He had been drawn in through the Meetings, and been converted and became a Soldier in the Corps.

There had been a cold and bitter strike in Sardis that had taken all the resources of Ensign Bristow and his band of Salvationists. During the strike Mr. Murray, a very wealthy man, had come to the help of The Army. This the first year of their stay in Sardis had slipped away, and they were in the winter of the second year. It drew near to Christmas time. Christmas Eve an attempt was made to steal one of The Army kettles. They had had an inkling of a warning that the attempt would be made, and Officer O'Donnell had been lingering near. When the man had grabbed the kettle and sprinted toward a moving automobile that was to pick him up the policeman had leaped into the street and called upon him to halt. The running man disregarded the challenge and the officer had drawn his pistol and fired at him. The man had pitched forward into the snowy street. The policeman ran to where he had fallen, and as he turned the man's face upward to the light he had staggered to his feet with a great bitter cry, "Danny! It's Danny! O my God! I've killed Danny!" But Danny was not killed. He was taken to a hospital, the bullet removed, and the next day told his story to his father and Ensign Bristow. Afterward the man Bristow had confessed that he was the father of Helen Ormond's baby. In an interview with Mrs. Bristow later, Helen Ormond confessed her unending love for Danny and her willingness to marry him for little Alan's sake.

CHAPTER XIX

The Valley of Shadows

CHRISTMAS week passed quickly. Every day was full, the snow which had fallen the day before Christmas still lay on the ground, for the weather had continued cold. Ensign and Mrs. Bristow, with the Soldiers of the Corps, had been kept busy.

The Watch-night Meeting was a blessed one to many. A sweet and beautiful spirit of tenderness and consecration pervaded it from the start. As the old year was dying the gathered Salvationists went to prayer. Upon their knees, pledging their hearts and lives afresh to God, they welcomed the new year. Upon rising again to their feet they formed into circles about the Hall, and with clasped hands and mellowed hearts sang earnestly:

"I'll be true, Lord, to Thee,
I'll be true, Lord, to Thee,
And whatever may befall
I shall surely conquer all,
If I am but true to Thee."

Then in the first hour of the new year, headed by the band, the numbers greatly reinforced by many of the church people of Sardis, they had gone out for the first march and Open-Air Meeting of the new year. Under the midnight stars upon the street corner many had given glowing testimonies to God's power and faithfulness.

A Song for the Black Sheep

The special revival Meetings had been launched with this Watch-night Meeting, and on the first Sunday night of the new year the Meeting was one of unusual power and blessing to many hearts. God came very near to them, and many people were converted to lives of godliness ere the close of the Meeting.

Will Coulter sang a solo that night. He had always had a pleasing voice and usually sang well and with feeling, but that night he seemed to be especially inspired. Afterward many remembered and spoke about his singing that night in the light of his later events. As he stood upon the platform of the stage he seemed to be deeply moved, and said that he was going to sing a song that covered his own experience perfectly. And those there who knew his past, and all his sad story entered with him into the words he sang, a song that truly seemed fitted for the black sheep of the Coulter family:

"The sheltering fold held securely
The ninety and nine safe within,
But one poor lost sheep found no shelter
Far out in the desert of sin;
The terror of night fell around it,
And filled its poor heart with alarms,
But the Good Shepherd sought till He found it,
And He gathered it close in His arms.

"The night was so black and so stormy,
And stony and steep stretched the path,
But the Good Shepherd's feet never faltered;
As He faced that wild tempest of wrath;

For His heart it was heavy and sad,
When He thought of that one sheep astray,
And when He returned to the sheep-fold,
On His shoulder in safety it lay."

And when he came to the refrain, his voice broke on the expressive final words:

"Through the tempest and night He went seeking,
And He sought it at such fearful cost;
But I'm glad that He sought till He found it,
For I am the sheep that was lost!"

The audience had been carried along with the singing of the song, and as the last word died away there were few who were not deeply moved, and many eyes were wet with tears. Will Coulter had

rarely, if ever, sung with such effect as he did that night. While he sang, one or two in the audience left their seats and came weeping to the Penitent-Form at the front, where they knelt and found forgiveness from the Great Shepherd of lost souls. From then on through the rest of the Meeting till the last "Amen" had been said, the power of God was very manifest in the Meeting. And because this was true that which followed came as the greater shock.

The following Tuesday Ensign Bristow went to the hospital to visit Danny O'Donnell, who had been coming along nicely. When he came back his appearance was so changed that his wife was frightened when she saw him. His mouth was drawn into a thin wedge, and there were haggard lines on his face, while his eyes were filled with deep misery. He sank wordlessly into a chair, seemingly too heart sick to hold himself erect. His wife had never seen him so utterly cast down and disheartened.

Much Affected by His Appearance

For a moment or two she was too much affected by his appearance to speak to him. Then she went quickly to him and, taking his hands into her own, she asked, "What is it, Alan? Has Danny had a turn for the worse?"

"No," he said, shaking his head wearily. "It is not Danny at all; he is getting along nicely. It's Will Coulter." She knew from the way he looked and the misery in his voice that it must be something serious indeed, and her face paled.

"What is it? What about him?" she asked.



A moment later the supervisor entered the little reception room where the four were waiting. Closely following her was a man.

"Last night, or rather early this morning, he was picked up in an alley. He was in a terrible condition. He had evidently been in a fight. There was a gash back of one ear where he had been struck by something. He had fallen with considerable force and his head had struck a stone. The doctor says there is concussion of the brain. He was literally reeking with the smell of whiskey."

"O Alan, how terrible!" she cried, her wide eyes filling with tears.

"Isn't it awful? And that isn't all. He must have been lying there for a long time before he was picked up. He is now in the hospital. The doctor says that the concussion is not really serious, but he fears other things. Will's body has been weakened by the life he lived for years, and the hours of exposure may bring on an attack of pneumonia. If it does there is but scant hope for his recovery, and it will be quick, too. Should that develop the doctor says he may go without even regaining consciousness."

Has Been Trying So Hard

"O Alan, and in that condition! How perfectly terrible! Oh surely it cannot be that he will have to go in that condition. He has been trying so hard, and he has been doing so well. I just cannot be!" "You cannot feel any worse about it than I do," said her husband. "It has bowled me completely over. I have never had anything hit me quite so hard."

"Alan, it is terrible, and I know it seems almost more than hopeless, but I just cannot give up hope. Surely, surely he cannot go like this!" said Mrs. Bristow, tears streaming down her cheeks. "I simply will not give him up. Surely God will hear us and I grant him a little time of consciousness before he goes. I have had such assurance that Will would eventually be saved, and I cannot, and will not, give up now!"

Her husband felt as desperately in earnest as she did about this soul, though perhaps his faith was not

so strong. They had a season of earnest and desperate prayer in behalf of the man who lay unconscious of all earthly things in a room in the hospital. Shortly after they rose from their knees Frank Coulter came to them. He was broken up and showed it in every line of his face. He was badly in need of comforting, and could not speak for a few moments. The sight of his miserable, haggard face set Mrs. Bristow's tears to flowing again.

"Is this terrible?" said Frank, struggling with himself for control of his feelings. "I can't seem to realize it. I am not able to make myself believe that it is poor Will lying there in that awful condition. He was doing so well. He seemed altogether different since he was reclaimed the last time. I had such confidence in him. And now all this happens has just crushed me. I cannot understand why it had to be!"

"It's an awful shock to all of us. Bandmaster," said Mrs. Bristow, wiping her tearful eyes. "But I am not going to give up. It looks awfully dark and hopeless now, but surely God will show us some way."

"I never felt so sure of Will as I have this time," replied his brother. His voice sounded tired, and his eyes were dim with suffering. "But there does not seem to be very much hope as we see things now. I have just come from the hospital, and the doctor does not offer much hope."

Then, as he threw out his hands in a futile gesture of despair, he added stormily, "I can't see why it had to happen like this! Will must have been terribly tempted to go to drinking again! How terrible that men should become so devilish that they will prey on a soul so weak as Will's, and bring his body to the grave and his soul to the pit, and all for a few dollars! How long will God let such things go on?"

The Darning Drink Business

"How long will we tolerate a soulless business that has not one good point in its favor?" broke in the Ensign, vigorously. "The whole drink business goes on breaking up homes, highlighting lives, and damping souls, and the only excuse it has for existence is the financial gain to those who are engaged in the traffic! We ought to rise in force against it and hurl it from the land!"

"If Will has to die now, I do hope that he becomes conscious before he goes," said Mrs. Bristow.

"So do I," replied Frank. "I have sent for Jim, our other brother, the Commandant. He will probably get here some time today."

Commandant James Coulter came that evening. By that time the doctor who was attending Will said that double pneumonia had developed and that there was little, if any hope for his recovery. He stated that he had feared this development from the very beginning. But the doctor added that it was just possible that Will might regain consciousness for a little while before he died.

Anxiously, earnestly the little group to whom Will meant so much prayed that this might happen. That they might have one more chance to win this sorely tempted soul before it passed forever.

The next evening Ensign and Mrs. Bristow had word from the doctor that he thought the end was nearing. They went at once to the hospital on receipt of this message. Not long after the two brothers came. Mrs. Bristow felt her heart go out to them when she saw their white and strained faces.

A Man's Excited Voice

The four of them were about to go upstairs to the fatal room where their heavy hearts told them the final battle was to be waged, when there came to them the sound of a disturbance from the direction of the office. A man's excited, high-pitched and sounding strained came to their ears.

"I must see him, I tell you!" cried the excited voice. "I tell you I must see Will Coulter! I must!"

"But you cannot see him," said the quiet voice of the supervisor. "He is very sick indeed, and cannot see anyone except his immediate family. His brothers are here now. They are just going up to see him, but none of us can see him now."

"Well, if I cannot see him, then let me see them," cried the voice brokenly. "If I cannot see Will, then there is something I must tell them. Let me see them!"

A moment later the supervisor entered the room where the four were waiting. Closely following her was a man—a man, a broad-shouldered, dejected man with disheveled hair, and wild eyes. A man so utterly woe-begone as to be a pitiable object.

It was Bob Taylor!

(To be continued)

Absolute Surrender

IN a little church in the Old Land a young widow after her husband was killed in the war, put up a memorial. On that memorial are these words: "All he had, all he hoped to have, he gave." Is the standard of twentieth-century patriotism to be higher than that of Christian discipleship? We know there were tens of thousands of men and women over whose graves those words have been written in the days of the Great War, and tens of thousands of others over whose lives these words could be said—they were prepared for that, though life was handed back to them. Can that be the standard of twentieth-century patriotism? Can it be honestly and truthfully written across your life—"All he had, all he hoped to have, he gave"?

46th Annual Territorial Congress

LT.-COMMISSIONER & MRS. RICH

— TOGETHER WITH —

Colonel Mary Booth, C.B.E.

(Territorial Commander for Germany)

Assisted by Officers of the Territorial and Divisional Headquarters will
conduct Congress Gatherings



Colonel Booth

WINNIPEG

From OCTOBER 12th to 15th

Friday, October 12th
Grace Church
8.0 p.m.

Welcome and Spectacular
Demonstration displaying a
"Pageant of Merciful
Adventure."

Saturday, Oct. 13th
7.0 p.m.

Public Parade
and Salute

Saturday, Oct. 13th
First Baptist Church
8.0 p.m.

United Salvationist
Rally

Sunday, October 14th—Capitol Theatre

10.45 a.m.

United Holiness Gathering

Colonel Mary Booth will lecture:
Subject: "The Work of The Salvation Army."

Chair to be taken by
His Honor Lt.-Gov. T. A. Burrows

Supported by
Hon. John Bracken, Premier of Manitoba
Mayor Dan Maclean and others

7.00 p.m.

A Salvation Mass Meeting—
Colonel Booth will speak

Monday, Oct. 15th
Grace Church
8.0 p.m.

The Congress Festival,
and Life-Saving Scout
and Guard Review

VANCOUVER

From OCTOBER 19th to 22nd

Friday, October 19th
Avenue Theatre
8.0 p.m.

Reception of Delegates
and a
"Pageant of Welcome"

Saturday, Oct. 20th
First United Church
8.0 p.m.

United Salvationists
Rally

Sunday, October 21st—Empress Theatre

10.45 a.m.

United Holiness Gathering

Colonel Mary Booth will lecture:
Subject: "The Salvation Army in all Lands"

Chair to be taken by
Hon. S. F. Tolmie, Premier of British Columbia

3.00 p.m.

A Salvation Mass Meeting in
which Colonel Mary Booth
will take part

7.00 p.m.

Monday, Oct. 22nd
Avenue Theatre
8.0 p.m.

The Congress Festival
and Life-Saving Review

BRIGADIER BERTHA BUHLER, OF GERMANY, WILL BE PRESENT AT THE ENTIRE SERIES OF MEETINGS

We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. "Enquiry". One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

2209—William Edward Paine, age 55, last known address Aberdeen, Sask. Was railroad worker. Mother very anxious.

2205—Ralph Leggett, age 28, height 6 ft. 1 in., wears glasses; last heard of at Six Mile Creek. Missing five years. Grandmother anxiously enquires.

2073—Albert Victor Haskenson, age 51, average height, brown hair, blue eyes. Last heard from at Edmonton, Alta. Wife and child very anxious to hear from him.

1924—Henry Grellet, French Canadian, age 39, medium height, slight build, dark hair, dark eyes, dark complexion, station engineer or carpenter; last heard from at Port Arthur, Ont. Decided limp on right side.

2200—Tulius Dondley, Jewish, age 52, height 5 ft. 1, black hair, brown eyes, fair complexion. Owned Dry Goods Store in Winnipeg. His small piece near right eye and double chin. Wife anxious to locate.

2207—Elvira Johanne Eriksen, age 23, average height, blonde hair, blue eyes. Last heard from at Saskatoon, Sask. Her old father is very anxious.

2159—John Thomsen, Sondergaard Christenson, called John Christenson. Born in Houtstrup, Denmark, April, 1865. Was a mounted policeman. Was on police force at Drumheller, Alta. Mother very sad on account of his silence.

2206—Ernest Paul Johanson, born at Fredrikshald, Norway, in 1884. Mother's name was Emilie Johansen. Visited Norway in 1907 and when he returned to U.S.A. he took his mother and two sisters (Emma and Margie) with him. Last known address Winnipeg. Forest Worker (cook).

2144—John Wm. Walker and Wife. Pattern maker. Number in Pattern Makers League, 11033, was re-admitted Feb. 26th, 1917, at age 29. Last known address, Vancouver, B.C. Wife had dress-making business at East Grandview, Vancouver and went by name Madame Josephine. Aged father anxious to locate.

2105—James Young Campbell. Age 21, height, 5 ft. 6 in., Scotch, fair hair, dark complexion, born in Paisley, Scotland. Sister Mary enquires.

2093—Clara Freda Towle. Daughter of Leslie and Amy Towle, age would be between 20 and 23. Last known address was Strawberry Hill, New Westminster, B.C. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of this girl or her mother, kindly communicate with this office.

2116—David Johnstone. Age 55, height 5 ft. 8 in., wears a very heavy mustache. When heard of he was in Calgary, about two years ago. Should this meet the eye, please communicate with him. Brother anxious to hear from him.

1801—Samuel Gibson. Age 30, tall, fair hair and complexion. Miner, missing from Drumheller, Montcal. Last heard of in Vancouver about 1908. Son enquires.

2189—Mrs. Lillian Turner. Formerly Montreal. Last heard of in Vancouver about 1908. Son enquires.

2190—Roy Harrington. Age about 40, fair hair, dark complexion, grows a mustache and is bald, 5 ft. 6 in. Generally works as foreman in the camps. Last heard of at Prince George in 1908.

2191—James and Peter Laird Leggett. In home February 28th, 1928, were then in Montreal but failed to come home. James, age 16, Peter, James 6 ft., Peter 5 ft. 10 in. James' mother, name, Peter has scar on head with cut, I may be going by name of James Laird and (D. Laird). Mother is anxious that the boys know that it will be all right for them to return home if working, write and give their address.